

our affianced over there?
Jack (gloomily)—Yes—that is—I don't
now. She was before I came here.

GLERS.

testimony or sight must be accepted in case of apparent passage of the bolt from earth to sky if it is accepted in the passage from sky to earth.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Love's Language.

[Julia M. Lippmann in Traveller's Record.]

I watched the wordless world at dawn

Give greeting to the day.
I saw the speechless heart at dusk
Prepare for night the way.
I tell my mute heart thro' to thee
And still must say it all.

The day, the night, and thou, dear love,
Passed on, nor faintly grieved
The passion that our silence strove
To utter unconfessed.

A Rhyming Reverie.
[Life.]

It was a scanty lady's glove—
A souvenir to rhyme with love.
It was the memory of a kiss—
So called to make it rhyme with bliss.

There was a month at Mt. Desert—
Synonymous and rhymes with first.
A pretty girl and lots of style—
Which rhymes with "Happy for awhile."

There came a rival, old and bold—
To make him rhyme with gold and sold.

A broken heart there had to be—
Alas! the rhyme just fitted me.

—

Woman.

[James Newton Matthews.]

Uncomprehended and uncomprehending,
The darling, but the despot of our days—
Smiling she smites us—fondling us, she slays,
Still madly loving us, yet still contending,
And proudest when her conquered heart is bound.

any of
little plan

ing.

And most revealing when she most obeys—
She is so fashioned that her face betrays
The struggle ended, long before the ending.
She's like a bubble borne along the air,
Forever trembling just before it breaks—
Or like a lute that has no music,
In trembling ecstasies of love divine;
Woman is always just across the line
Of her own purpose. Beware! beware!

Since Our Souls Crossed.
[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Since our souls crossed, sweet soul, my soul hath
dwelt

In the eternal Now. No Might-have-been,
No Was, no Will be, but the calm serene
It is—Life is—Light is—Love is—Truth is! I felt
It the first moment at thy knee I knelt.

And when I arose and raised mine eyes—
I—

God's kingdom in this beautiful and terrene,
Not in one chosen spot, one narrow belt,
But outspread o'er the universal face
Of this grand earth—thou, that is, and sad,

That is not sinful, is not pre-declared:
But by the fire of love updrawn, consumed,
Into Truth's sun, unpleaseth and is glad.
It is—Life is—Light is—Love is—Truth is—and even
Sow dwell we in the kingdom of thy heaven.

Two Are Company.
[C. Weatherly in Cassell's Magazine.]

There's a little nook I own
In a quiet garden close
Where the young folks often go

And tales of love are told;
And I softly steal away
When I see them lingering there,
For its just as true today
As when I was young and fair—
True as aught beneath the sun:

"Two are company, three are none!"
And in that little nook
Sometimes I love to stay,
And down the years I look
To a time long passed away,
When a lover proud and true
Lingered ever by my side,
And neither of us knew
That the world held aught beside
Just ourselves beneath the sun,
When two were company, three were none!

Woman the Better Word.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]
Give us that grand word "woman" once again,
And let's have done with "lady."
One's a term
Full of fine force—strong, beautiful, and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen—
And one's a word for lackeys.
One suggests
The mother, wife, and sister: one the dame

Whose costly robe, mayhap, gave her the name,
One word upon its own strength leans and rests;
The other minces, tiptoe.

Who would be
The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul, to play her troubled part
Well in life's drama. While each day we see
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do
And what to say, grace in each tone and act,
('Tis taught in schools, but needs serve native tact).

Yet narrow in her mind as in her nose.
Give the first place, then, to the nobler phrase
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

Lydia.
[Lizotte Woodworth Reese in the Independent.]
Break forth, break forth, O Sudbury town,
And bid your yards begay
Up all your gusty streets and down,
For Lydia comes today!
I hear it on the wharves below;
And if I buy or sell,

The good folk as they churchward go
Have only this to tell.

My mother, just for love of her,
Unlocks her carved drawers;
And sprigs of withered lavender
Drop down upon the floors.

For Lydia's bed must have the sheet
Spun out of linen sheer,
And Lydia's room be passing sweet

With odors of last year.
The marigolds are out once more
In lanes salt with the sea;
The thorn-bush at Saint Martin's door
Grows white for such as she.
So, Sudbury, bid your gardens blow
For Lydia comes today;
Of all the words that I do know,
I have but this to say.

In the Lazy Twilight.
[Chicago Tribune.]
I.
To lie in a hammock at dusk, and swing
To the tunes of the nesting birds that ring
From the emerald tents of the tranquil trees--
To toss all care to the cooling breeze,
And sway and swing in a vision fond
Of some fair land in the dim beyond--

To turn to the past, and twine and tie
In tangles of Fancy the days gone by—
To wait at will, in an airy boat,
As feathery-light as the floss afloat,
And drift and dream, and give full play
To the soul, fair-winged, as it soars away—
These, these are the joys that a mortal knows
Who can laugh at the world o'er his upturned toes

II.

Hard and sad is the world by day.

When the cruel and kinglike Mind holds sway,
But soft and glad is the twilight hour,
When the sovereign Heart asserts its power;
Rough is the hand and the face hard set
When the brow with the beads of toil is wet,
But sweet is the smile and soft the palm
When the hammock swings in the evening calm—
When the baby's throne is the father's breast,
As he lies in the sea-grass wet at rest,
And the fond young mother sits and sings,

Hard by, with her hand on the trailing strings—
Heaven is pictured as far away,
By bachelor-bards and hermits gray,
But out of the twilight dim there strays
A glint of its gold when the hammock aways.

I Am Thy Knight.
[Ernest McGaffey.]

I am thy knight, and thou hast sent me forth

To battle with the demon of despair,
To conquer self, and from its ashes bring
The phoenix of my boyhood's fervid dreams;
To live the long, long years and make my life
Like to the sower as he passes by
Scattering the grain on rock and fertile field
To reap or lose, as fate shall will it so.

No favor hast thou sent, as those of old
Wore lovingly and closely on their hearts
When they went forth to far-off Palestine.

But simply for thy word that it is best
And for the trust and message sent by thee
Do I go on to conquer in the fight
Of man the brute against the man divine.

Count me no idle dreamer—most of all
I pray you not on some high pedestal
Entrench my nature; I am but a man,
Who loves and hates, is merry and is sad,
Has knowledge of gladness and has tasted woe,
And holds no higher hope to himself

Here is my hand—and to the world my gaze,
 For as I journey onward in my quest
 I shall not falter, even where I fall;
 But having from the strength of thy rare soul
 Caught some reflection of a light divine,
 Full-armed am I, and resolute as death
 To face the utmost rigor of my fate,
 To discord, chaos, darkness, to banishment.

To cleave to hope, to hope for happiness
To be my better self as best I can,
And so through all the lapses of gay time
To be a man because I am thy knight.

